

THE SILENT WORKER.

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Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

FOOT-BALL.

About "College Spirit" — The "Kendalls" of the National Deaf-Mute College—How the Game is Played.

Just now the game of foot-ball is at fever heat among the various schools and colleges. No game in the country draws such immense crowds as do these games on Thanksgiving day between the leading col-

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

This oft-repeated phrase usually calls up visions of games won by the foot-ball team, the base-ball nine, and other athletic triumphs. One foot-ball enthusiast asserts that he who has genuine college spirit will "run his legs off, break his bones and grin, if it is conducive to the success of his college team," and the truth of his statement finds convincing witnesses in the broken bones so prevalent when the season is at its height. But is this College spirit in its highest sense? Is it worth while to show such reckless disregard of life and limb when the energy so expended might

spirit? The college seeks to prepare them, intellectually, for citizenship; if they are devoted to her, will they not seek to do every man his mental and moral duty as well as his physical, and so contribute to an elevation of the college standard in the right line?

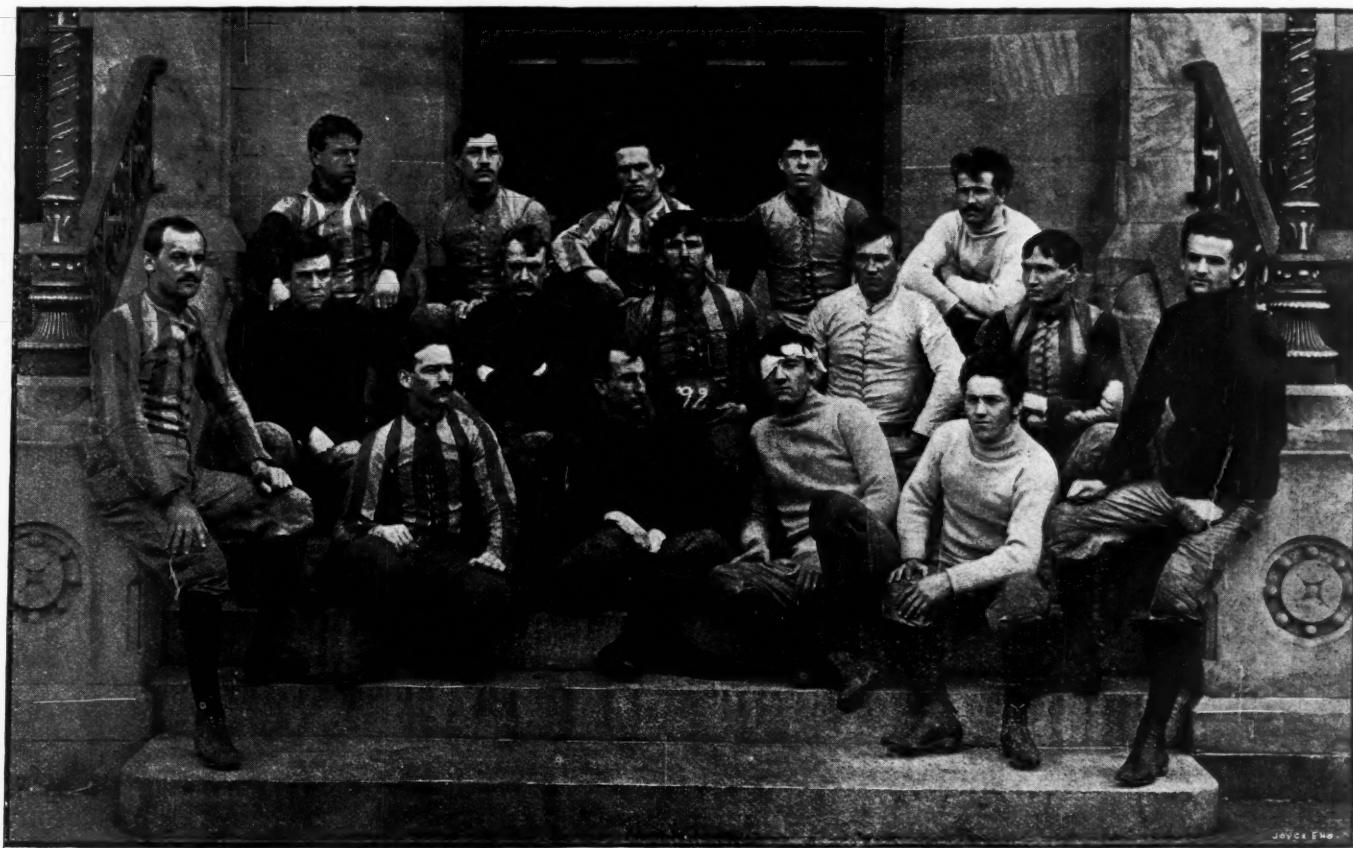
Quoting again from the enthusiast—"the boy with true college spirit will:

"Stand up for all that is noble and upright, and discourage that which is mean, or low, because this elevates the moral standard of the college;

"Never take advantage of the faculty when placed upon his honor;

"Give according to his means towards the support of college affairs;

But foot-ball is a manly game, a good game and a scientific one, too, when rightly played. It calls into action all muscles of the body and brings out the qualities of mind and heart as well. It takes good management and considerable skill to play the game without sustaining injury, and it also tests the ability to control one's temper. But in a game like those played between Princeton and Yale in the past, the so called "college spirit" means victory at the risk of life and limb. We are not going to



KENDALL FOOT BALL TEAM, 1892.

Robbins, sub.	Ely (Manager), r. t.	Rosson, r. h-b.	Hall, l. t.	Cusack, l. g.
Williams, l. e.	Rives, r. e.	Brown (Capt.), c.	Cummings, sub.	Odom, f. b.
Grimm, sub.	Cowan, sub.	Howard, Sub.	Brockhagen, r. g.	Ryan, l. h-b.
				Hubbard, q. b.

leges. Those who have ever witnessed the Princeton-Yale struggles for supremacy—brawn pitted against brawn, mind against mind and skill against skill,—in the presence of a crowd made up of something like 20,000 yelling humanity, with colors galore, will understand what "college spirit" really means to the average student. But to a college in general it has a broader significance. The following which appeared in the last issue of the *Buff and Blue* is a good definition of the phrase:

accomplish more if diverted into other channels?

Some one else says, "College spirit is loyalty to one's college." That is true, and now, how is loyalty best shown? Webster defines the word *loyal* thus: "faithful to the lawful government." Then to be loyal to her, we must consider for what purpose our college was established, and endeavor to fulfill such purpose. It is an educational institution; athletics are here incidental, to be practiced with the view of preserving and increasing health and strength—no more. When students begin to pay more attention to athletic sports and contests than they do to the curriculum, are they not lacking in true loyalty and college

"Keep his eyes open and see that every thing in the college organizations is straight, and when he can do so, he will assist the management;

"Remember the college before his class;

"Always be ready for fun when there is nothing unmanly about it;

"Give his college a good reputation by his gentlemanly conduct in society and elsewhere."

In fine, true college spirit is displayed by as much enthusiasm in study as in sport and in the attempt to develop "a noble manhood sound and whole;" it is the bond which unites Faculty and students in one fellowship and glorifies our *Alma Mater* in the eyes of the watchful world.

discuss the merits of Yale and Princeton. It reminds us that our own college at Washington, D. C., has a football team in regular uniform and in regular practice.

The accompanying engraving, kindly loaned by the *Buff and Blue*, the college periodical, represents the team as it was made up during last season with Charles R. Ely as manager.

The Kendalls, for that is the name of the team, have been in existence for the past twenty years. During

this time the team has won some brilliant victories as well as met with some humiliating defeats. Although last year's team was made up mostly of green material, it played a strong, aggressive game, and according to the judgment of two of the professors who have watched the progress of foot-ball sport on Kendall Green during its existence, never before were they stronger nor did they ever show better team work than last fall. To the credit of the Kendalls may it be said that they have fewer men to select from than most other teams they have had engagements with, so that if they do not win as many victories as they sustain defeats, it may be attributed to the above reason, rather than to poor management, or to the lack of efficiency in team work. Last year the Kendalls lost two out of three games, but neither the manager nor the team are ashamed of the record made and are perfectly willing to have comparisons made.

In speaking of one of the games played by this team, the college periodical mentions the fact that although the team met a much heavier one in the Columbia Athletic Club, it took fifteen minutes for their opponents to score their first touch down, and that was accomplished only by sheer weight. Mention is also made of Ryan, Williams, Odum, Brown and Cusack, as doing very fine work.

To those who do not understand the game, the following taken from the *Western Pennsylvanian*, will be a good guide:

HOW TO PLAY FOOT-BALL.

"The field is 330 feet long and 160 feet wide. At each end are two upright posts with a cross bar called goals. The field is marked off in lines five yards apart. There are 11 players. Seven form the rush line. Beginning at the left their positions range as follows: left end, left tackle, left guard, centre right guard, right tackle, right end. The left end of one team in the line-up will face as an opponent the right end of the opposing eleven, the left tackle plays opposite the opposing right tackle and so on. Behind the center is the quarter or snap back, who receives the ball from the center, but cannot run with it unless it has touched a third hand. Back of the quarter-back are two half backs. These men usually run with the ball, endeavoring to reach the opposing goal. Their rush line aims to clear the way for the runner with the ball, interfere and block off the opposing players who want to tackle and stop the runner with the ball. The full back usually stands in rear of the half backs and does the kicking and goal guarding. A side always kicks when it cannot gain ground by other play. The kick invariably gives the ball to its opponents, but ground is gained.

"The game is usually started by the wedge play. The teams get in the center of the field 10 yards apart. The ball had been tossed for and the side winning takes the ball and they line up. The ball is put in play by the center touching it with his foot and kicking it to the quarter back. The latter passes the ball to a half back, or another player the mass closes up and thunders down toward the opposing goal. The moment the ball is kicked it is in play, and the opposing men run forward, meet the mass, break inside if possible, and throw to the ground the man carrying the ball. If the latter is satisfied he can go no further, he cries "down." The players disentangle themselves and the sides line up again. The center snaps the ball to the quarter back and another play is tried, possibly a run around the end and so on until goal is reached, which is called a touch down. In three successive fairs or downs, unless the ball crosses the goal line, the team having the ball must advance it five yards, or if it has the ball taken back 20 yards, the ball goes to the opposing team on the fourth down. This is why kicking or punting is resorted to so frequently. A side failing to gain on downs will invariably punt. Novices at the game should remember that the players must not be in front of the ball until it is in play, besides the side having the ball can only interfere with the body and can not use their hands.

"The time of play is two 45 minute halves and the scores are as follows: Goal from touch-down, six points; goal from field kick, five points; touch-down with try at goal failing, four: safety by opponents, two."

THE SILENT WORKER is only 50 cents for the school year.

Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

Rigi Kulm and Lucerne.—A Visit to the "Lion of Lake Lucerne."

We left Zurich in the morning and changed the cars at Zug for a boat by which we went down the lake and then took the observation car up the Rigi. The road is admirable and the ascent is gradual. The train stopped several times and I jumped out to pick bluebells. We bought some Alpine roses and edelweiss which I will press and send home. We went way up beyond the clouds, and I must own that even the ocean, of which I am very fond, cannot compare in grandeur with the wonderful sight. The clouds were massed far beneath us, and when they broke up, we could see the towns and villages scattered among the hills. We could also see Mount Pilatus not far away. There was quite a little settlement up there, many Swiss peasants having booths for the sale of carved wood, embroideries and paintings. From the hotel we could see travellers climbing the mountains, armed with alpen-stocks and carrying knapsacks. We could even hear them halloo to each other. We staid up there hoping to see the sun-rise, but were disappointed. No one ever does see the sun-rise there. If you remained here a year and hired some one to call you at the right time, you would run the risk of missing it. Later, however, when the clouds broke and floated away, we were treated to a most beautiful sight. We descended the mountain on the other side, and went down the lake to Lucerne. We saw the Lion, and he is indeed a grand

old fellow. The rock, out of which he is carved, is surrounded by trees and foliage, and a tiny lake or pool lies in front of it. The Lion is in a niche, but one paw hangs over the edge, and it is very much bigger than life. The names of the officers of the Swiss guard who were killed in their brave defense of the French throne, are carved beneath it, and the whole is very impressive. The rock is soft and has begun to crack, but every care is taken to preserve it. It is boarded up in winter and pipes have been laid to carry the water off, but as they are covered with vines, the effect is not spoiled. The lake at Lucerne is lovely. It is surrounded on all sides by mountains. We visited the Glacier Garden, and two very old bridges—one five hundred years old, and the other three hundred years or over. They were ornamented with queer old paintings, and the shorter one contained a series called the "Dance of Death"—most ghastly things full of grinning skeletons and skulls. The Swiss women make and sell the most beautiful embroideries, and they are very picturesque in their national costumes. We had a glimpse of the Jang-Frau, and I am very ambitious to climb some Alp before long. We return to Zurich from here.

R. L. J.

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THE LION OF LUCERNE.

Reviewed for THE SILENT WORKER.

GOD'S FOOL.

BY MAARTEN MAARTENS.

D. Appleton & Co., 1893.—This is the title of a Dutch novel that was translated into English and published in America about a year ago. The author is thoroughly acquainted with human nature in all its phases, and is pathetic and tender, hard and sarcastic by turns. The hero is deaf and blind, but does not become so until after his ninth year; so the author does not make the too common mistake of calling him a deaf-mute. Indeed he seems to understand the subject and brings in a real deaf-mute, a peddler named Jops, by way of contrast. With his hero, Elias Lossell, the author deals tenderly, and he is the noblest character in the book. His hearing is destroyed by a blow on the head—a little brother topples a large flower-pot over on him—and the brain and nerves are affected by the blow. The friends learn the deaf manual alphabet and converse with him by means of it. Tutors are employed to teach him. The father of the boy is greatly concerned about this son's future, but hopes education will make a man of him, for, as he says to his wife, "Many men were deaf who yet did their work, ay, and left their mark in the world." But the poor boy suffered from headaches and constant pain over the eyes, so study was no easy matter with him. There was some talk of teaching him to read the lips, and to this end "the Director of the great deaf and dumb institute" is consulted, and he assures the father that it can be done and even promises with a fair amount of intelligence the boy will become an expert at it within eighteen months. The father takes heart, for in Amsterdam he has met two deaf and dumb gentlemen who could read the lips and were in business, doing well. "They even spoke, and it was quite possible to understand them if you took the trouble." But total blindness soon overtakes Elias and all attempts at education cease. His only communication with the world is by the manual alphabet, his friends spelling against his neck, cheek or hand. He always answers by speech for he never loses his voice. The world in general calls him "a fool," because in worldly matters he is as simple as a child, and as innocent of sin, and as his education ceases at eleven years of age many things, such as the great mystery of death, remain a sealed book to him, but his simplicity is of a kind that endears him to us—he is truly as a little child, whose is the kingdom of heaven—if he be a fool, he is indeed God's Fool. The author describes Elias as being tall, handsome as a god, affectionate and generous to a fault. When he first learns that there is such a thing as poverty and suffering in the world, he is eager to

give up his great fortune towards lessening the misery of his fellow-men. Being convinced at last that even his millions will not cure that evil, he has a sum set aside for charity and distributes it with a lavish hand. He even wishes to give away his horses and carriages to some cripple since he can walk well enough, his flowers also of which he is very fond, because others can see them and he cannot. After he learns about Christ and his great sacrifice for mankind, he desires to be like Christ and help his fellow men. The story ends with a noble act of self-sacrifice to save those whom he loves, at a fearful cost to himself. More cannot be said here without revealing the plot of the story and all are advised to read it in the author's own matchless style. Lest one should lay it down as being too sad, the author hastens to assure his reader that such is not the case, for "it is essentially a comfortable story, intended to show comfortable people that this is a really comfortable world, and that they have a right to be comfortable in it."

I. V. J.

THE TRAINING OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

(From *The Review of Reviews*.)

F. Deltour contributes to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for May 1 an article on the National Institution for Deaf Mute at Paris. Originally founded by the Abbe de l'Epee, it has gradually abandoned his method of signs (which was found to labor under many disadvantages) for that of lip-reading. That the Abbe himself looked forward to this result is shown by his own words: "The deaf-mutes will never be truly restored to human society till the day when they have learnt to express themselves in words and read from the lips of others." It is also true that the oral method was known to his contemporary, Rodrigues Peireire, who was entirely successful in applying it. He refused, however, to communicate the secret unless well paid for it. Moreover, the method requires a large amount of individual attention, and the Abbe de l'Epee's limited resources would not have allowed him to engage a sufficiently large staff of masters for the seventy-five boys with whom he began. In 1880 oral teaching was introduced in the Paris institution and gradually extended, and when, in 1887, the last of the pupils trained on the old system had left, the manual signs were entirely abandoned.

At present, boys are admitted between the ages of nine and twelve, and no student can remain after twenty-one. Recent authorities have seen reason to think that children of six or seven might with advantage begin the exercises for producing the voice and learning how to form sounds. M. Javal, the director, is therefore desirous of starting an "infant division," but as it would consist of children too

young to enter the college as boarders, it will be necessary to arrange daily classes and a system of supervision at home. After the age of twelve, or at most thirteen, it is useless for pupils to begin—the vocal and respiratory organs being no longer flexible enough to execute new movements. Children whose general health is not good, or whose sight is defective, or who are mentally deficient, are not admitted. The sight is especially important, as so much of the teaching depends on it. Moreover, the pupil is only finally accepted after a trial course of instruction has tested his ability to profit by the instruction he receives. The least capable pupils—in practice, about a fourth of the whole number—are placed in classes of their own, and receive special attention.

The course is divided into two periods. In the first—extending over four years—the pupils learn how to speak and understand. The second embraces the ordinary branches of instruction in elementary schools. Besides the latter, five hours per day are devoted to learning one of the following trades: Wood-carving, printing, carpentering, shoemaking, gardening. The elementary pupils, who can spare less time from their headwork, are prepared for this branch by what are called manual exercises for about an hour every day—Froebel's games during the first year, followed by modeling and Sloyd, which teach them to handle tools.

Arithmetic, elementary geometry, geography, and the history of France, are taught after a skillfully graduated plan. The pupils receive information—which comes to most people naturally, in the course of practical life, but without which they would be helpless—on such subjects as money, contracts, wages, crime and its penalties, the law of master and servant.

Religious instruction has, of course, always been a most difficult point. Some have thought oral teaching on this subject less likely to be successful than that of signs. But the latter, says the Abbe Tarra, a great authority on the subject, are open to the serious danger of materializing the ideas intended to be given. He could begin by pronouncing the word *Dieu*, and then trying to connect it, in the mind of the pupil, with the *Unseen*—with the ideas of Omnipotence, of creation, of Divine goodness and justice, as revealed in the beauty and terror of Nature. "At the sight of Nature—of a flower—of the clear or starry sky, or when the pupil is attentive and obedient, he says to him for example, 'God—good; God—well pleased; God blesses.' During a thunderstorm, or when some fault is committed, he repeats to him, 'God—powerful; God—Great; God sees—God punishes.' By these words he succeeds in awakening in the child's mind that sense of Divinity which underlies the conscience. As he develops all opportunities are seized for developing this

rudimentary instruction. It is usually about their third or fourth year, when they have begun to master the idea of objects and the artificers who have made them that religious ideas make most progress in their hearts and minds. The effort is then to arouse their curiosity and induce them to ask, 'Who made plants and animals?—the sky and the earth?—the first man?'"

Starting from the elementary notions imparted in answer to these questions, the Abbe Farrer (in his book, to which M. Delpont refers his readers for further detail) sketches out a course of teaching leading up to definite Christian doctrine, and its application to morality.

The whole course extends over eight years, but those who have completed it at eighteen or nineteen may, if desired, remain at the school till they are twenty-one, but in no case beyond that age. Most of those who left it have been found fully capable of earning any honorable livelihood; some have even become craftsmen of marked ability.

Some of the deaf-mute printers are employed by the great Paris firms, and even in the Imprimerie Nationale, where situations can only be obtained by means of a competitive examination. It is an interesting fact that the printing establishment of MM. Firmin and Didpot at Mesnilsur-l'Esteu (Eure) employs none but women, all of whom are former pupils of the Deaf-Mute (Girls') School at Bordeaux. The excellence of MM. Firmin and Didpot's typography is well known.

Among the lithographers trained at the institution there have been some genuine artists, and some of the wood-carvers, on leaving, have continued their studies, and joined classes for decorative art. The teaching of drawing, also, has been very successful.

An instance of the successful training of the Institution is given in the case of a young man, a former pupil, who in 1887 claimed exemption from the conscription on the ground of a defect which no one had noticed till he himself informed the president of the Revision Committee that he was deaf and dumb.

The Chrysanthemum.

In the first cold night of autumn
The dahlia's pride was lost;
The hollyhock's spendor vanished
At the coming of the frost.
Even the brave little pansy
Hides under the leaves that fall.
And not one flower of the summer
Answers the robin's call.

But lo! in the corner yonder
There's a gleam of white and gold—
The gold of summer sunshine,
The white of winter's cold.
And laden with spicy odors
The autumn breezes come
From the nooks and corners brightened
By the brave chrysanthemum.

Hail to you! beautiful flower,
With royal and dauntless mien
Facing the frosts of the winter—
I crown you autumn's queen.
With your gleam of late sweet sunshine,
You brighten the closing year
And keep us thinking of summer
Till the winter we dread is here.

—Selected.

INDUSTRIAL.

In future we will print under this heading communications from individuals, comments or newspaper extracts relative to the Technical or Industrial progress of the deaf.

The character of the school paper may be accepted as a fair indication of the character of the school issuing it, and I note with pleasure the many improvements, both editorially and mechanically, that have been made in the always well conducted and interesting sheets that come to me. Where change in the editorial management has been made, this might naturally be looked for, under the rule that a new broom sweeps clean, but it is even more manifest in those papers that remain in charge of the same men that have pushed the quill and wielded the scissors and paste brush for many years past. The editorial and news columns contain matter of more value and interest, better written; more care is shown in the selection of general reading matter; there are fewer typographical errors, and the presswork is cleaner. Everything indicates more careful supervision and more conscientious work. And all goes to prove that somehow new life has been infused into the schools whose progressiveness is thus reflected in their papers.—*Silent World*.

The above is all very true, to which we desire to add a few words. It is very seldom that we see the editorial and mechanical execution of a newspaper for the deaf in perfect harmony. Where the editorial part is a success the mechanical part is a failure, and *vice versa*. It is not seldom that some of the exchanges which come to our table are so poorly printed and ink besmeared that it is almost impossible to read the pages; or the typographical make-up presents such a shocking appearance to the eye that it is shoved aside unread in disgust. So it follows that many a brilliant editorial and gem of news is lost sight of through poor management in the printing office. Such work turned out indicates the kind of instructors in the "art preservative" that these schools employ to guide pupils through the intricacies of this beautiful but by no means easy art. If these schools cannot afford to employ competent men to act as instructors, it is better that printing should not be taught at all, for to send out "botches" and "blacksmiths" is harmful to pupils and a disgrace to the school that pretends to educate them. The excuse may be given that it is very difficult to teach mutes to set type, etc. That is true, but there is no excuse for miserable work turned out. We have great admiration for such papers as the *Canadian Mute*, the *Silent Echo*, the *Lone Star Weekly*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The Educator*, and a few others. The typographical work is good and the presswork ditto, so that one is tempted to read everything contained in them. Secure good instructors of printing, pay them good salaries in order to keep them, and the results will be astonishing. It will be the surest economy to their respective states.

* * *

There seems to be a general misunderstanding among some of our silent exchanges regarding Mr. A. M. Blanchard, the talented St. Louis artist, who designed the neat and artistic heading for *The Optic*. One newspaper says that he is a deaf-mute, another that he was educated

in the public schools of St. Louis and at Washington College. Nothing can be farther from the truth. He is deaf but not a mute, being able to talk as fluently as a hearing person, besides he never attended a mute school in his life. He knew almost nothing about the deaf until he met the young and charming lady who is now his wife. The *SILENT WORKER* gave a biographical sketch of this gentleman last winter. He is an artist in every sense of the word and his portraits on exhibition at the St. Louis exposition this fall were very highly spoken of. We hope this will correct the erroneous impression now going the rounds of the deaf press.

INDUSTRIAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE DEAF.

(From *The Silent World*.)

No one who has seen the work done by the pupils in the shops of schools for the deaf will need to be told that the Collective Schools Exhibits at the World's Fair represent the *aim* rather than the actual accomplishments of the industrial education we provide our pupils. The specimens of fine cabinet-work, needle-work, pattern-making, etc., could not, except in rare instances, have been the unaided work of children whose aggregate time under instruction was less than a year. A little sum in arithmetic will show how this is. If our pupils work 40 weeks in the year, for six years, six days in the week, and two hours a day they perform in the aggregate, (without considering the numerous holidays our schools have,) but 2880 hours' work altogether, while the ordinary working day of ten hours, for 310 days in the year, which allows for Sundays, will make 3100 hours. The articles shown at Chicago were in many instances such as would do credit to first-class journeymen, and without question, they owed more to the skill of the instructor than that of the pupil. The proper way to consider the exhibit is an inspiration for the future, rather than as a triumph of the past. Of more interest, and possibly of more value as an indication of what our schools accomplish, would be an exhibition of work done by the adult deaf—the graduates of the school. In every branch of industry there are deaf men and women who have acquired a reputation—with their employers, if with no one else—for their exceptional skill. While they may have acquired their knowledge of the particular occupation in which they are engaged in our schools, it is to them that they owe the intelligence, and habits of industry and application, and the ambition to excel that make success possible.

A brief mention of a few of the deaf men who have been especially successful, and who might contribute to such an exhibition may be of interest to the parents of our pupils who are anxious for the future of their children, and an encouragement of our boys and girls themselves. To take the first one who come to mind, there is Jacques Loew, who I believe now has charge of a large manufactory of toilet goods in Chicago. Mr. Loew was born in Austria, and educated in a school for

the deaf at Vienna, under oral methods. He served an apprenticeship to a worker in bronze and leather worked in almost every large city in Europe, and finally went into business for himself, manufacturing all kinds of ornamental work in gold, silver and bronze, lock and key, and fancy toilet articles. He employed at one time as many as 128 skilled workmen at the London Exposition of 1862, and as a special compliment was invited to dine with Lord Palmerston and Lord Russel. In the International Exposition of 1867, at Paris, Emperor Napoleon III. was so much pleased with his exhibition that he presented him with a smoking-room outfit worth thirty thousand francs, (six thousand dollars) and the Emperor of Austria decorated him with the Golden Cross of Honor, and afterwards with the golden cross surmounted with a cross. This was in addition to two medals. He took medals at other large international expositions, including that at Philadelphia. Through the panic of 1872 and the speculations of a dishonest book-keeper, Mr. Loew was bankrupted. He visited Brazil, Portugal, Spain, Gibraltar, Malta, Tunis, Africa, and finally settled down for a time in Philadelphia, where he was engaged to superintend a large manufactory of leather, wood and bronze. He afterwards went to New York to accept a similar position at a better salary. This superiority in his line made the firm with which he engaged one of the most successful in the business. He went to Chicago a short time ago, presumably to accept a still better position.

Although Mr. Loew was born deaf and dumb, he is able to speak and read the lips in German, French, Spanish and English. He had only six years schooling. We have been informed that the ball clasp, so commonly used on purses, is the invention of Mr. Loew. The facts above given are taken from a lengthy sketch of the gentleman in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* of 1884.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

HOW SOME DEAF PEOPLE GET ALONG IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

(From *Exchanges*.)

Ranald Douglas, photographer, who has a gallery at Livingston, N. J., is reported to have established a branch at Forkston, Pa., and to have all the work he can do.

Mr. Seymour Redmond, a recent graduate of the California School, who has decided to follow an example of Mr. Douglas Tilden, a rising sculptor, is going to Paris, France, to take three years' course in art.

The only deaf-mutes operating a linotype or type-setting machine, in the United States, are said to be Jno. F. Keyes, of Montgomery, an employe of the *Advertiser* and Myron R. Palmer, of Albany.

A crayon portrait of Professor Porter has been presented to the library of the National College by the Professor. It was executed by Mr. Marcus H. Kerr, of St. Louis, a former student in the college, and it is said to be a very fine picture.

Miss Lavina Argabright, a semi-mute young lady, has opened a studio at her home in Bluefield, W. Va., and has enough orders for oil and crayon paintings to keep

her busy all through the coming winter months.

Mr. R. C. Wall, one of the earliest graduates of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf-Mutes, is the senior member of a large manufacturing concern known as R. C. Wall Mfg. Co. The firm occupies the entire building at 725 Arch St., Phila., where they manufacture bicycles and other things.

Joseph Dorfner, a deaf-mute fresco painter, educated in Germany, has returned to Philadelphia from New York and Brooklyn, where he had contracts for work. Mr. Dorfner is a skilful painter and his services are in great demand. He has done frescoing in some of the finest private residences of Philadelphia and other large cities.

A most curious watch was on exhibition at the World's Fair. It is one with wooden case and movement, made by a deaf-mute of Tennessee, who made the watch before he learned anything of watchmaking and whose tools were only a three-cornered file and a case knife. This piece, however, is more curious than beautiful, though the whole thing shows an ingenuity and skill wonderful from such untutored hands.

That deaf-mutes can successfully engage in mercantile pursuits has been demonstrated. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Trundle own and manage a general store at Centreville, Maryland. Mrs. Trundle also runs a dress-making establishment in connection, employing half a dozen hands. In Bristol Tenn., two deaf-mute brothers own a jewelry and silverware establishment. A deaf-mute in Lynn, Mass., manages a drug store. In Philadelphia, the head of the Wall Manufacturing and Cycle Co., is Mr. Robert Wall, a deaf-mute.

Among the exhibits in the Fine Arts building at the World's Fair were some notable ones by deaf artists. Humphrey Moore had an oil painting, *Japanese Maidens*, which was much admired. Douglas Tilden, the rising young sculptor from our own Pacific Coast but now in Paris, had on exhibition four groups of statuary which have already become famous through press notices. They are *The Tired Boxer*, *The Base Ball Player*, *The Young Acrobat*, and *The Indian Bear Hunters*. The latter, which is of bronze, is for sale and is valued at \$15,000. And F. Plessis, a deaf-mute of Paris and a pupil of Tilden, exhibits a bust of the *Abbe de l'Epee*, the father of deaf-mute instruction, which the sculptor, who is rapidly making a name for himself, has presented to the deaf-mutes of the United States.

These exhibits have none of that raw, amateurish look but are the works of masters and go to show that the deaf are able to enter any of the walks of life where hearing is not absolutely essential.

A recent visitor to the World's Fair says that in his estimation Douglas Tilden's statue of "The Bear Hunters" is the finest thing of the kind on the Fine Arts building and he regrets that people could not in some way be informed that Mr. Tilden is a deaf-mute. In several instances in which he mentioned the fact to persons who were viewing the statue, it immediately added to their interest in the statue, which of itself was sufficient to chain their attention. The effect of such an announcement would be to raise the opinion of the world at large of the deaf, and to do away with the oft lamented ignorance of people in general of the possibilities of the deaf. One can readily see, however, that Mr. Tilden would object to any such announcement, as he desires to stand upon his merit as an artist, and desires no additional advertisement from the misfortune under which he labors.—*Silent Hoosier*.

Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

A Few Things About the "White City" for The Children.

We traveled on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad from Philadelphia to Chicago. The first important city was Baltimore. There our train ran on a ferry boat, which carried us across the river. We stopped in Washington twenty-four hours and saw the Public buildings, the White House, the Blaine house, the Chinese and British legations and many other handsome places. Washington has many pretty little parks and the streets are very wide. We left Washington at noon and arrived in Chicago the next day at noon. All day we rode through the mountains of Maryland and Pennsylvania, passing the oil and coke regions. After dark the lights from the furnaces were as brilliant as fire-works. The rail-road in Chicago ran by the lakes and we saw the Columbus ships, the Santa Maria, Nina and Pinta, which were just sailing into the harbor. These anchored in one of the canals on the Fair grounds. They are small and low on the side. In Columbus' cabin was his old compass, and the banners of Spain were on the wall.

Our hotel was opposite the Administration Building which was lighted every night with circles and chains of electric lights. Two evenings in the week there were beautiful fireworks by the lakes. All the buildings were large and all white except the Transportation Building. All the buildings faced the canal, which was always full of boats; the gondolas with the gondoliers, who wore large hats and red sashes, and stood on the ends of the boats, each pushing with a large oar, being the most interesting sight. We visited the Indian school. The Indian boys and girls learn to sew, work in the shops, sing and play the piano, just as other children do. In the Convent of La Rabida they showed an old door that was once in Columbus' house, also many letters that he and the king wrote to each other about America. They were in Spanish, so we did not understand them. The first church bell ever in America was as small as our school bell. Many old fashioned railroad engines, some very small and some very queer, were in the Transportation Building beside the grand Pullman cars of to-day. Wagons and sleighs from all the countries in the world were there. They were not like our wagons. Also the old stages that ran in the West when there were no railroads. In the Mining Building was a shaft of coal from Pennsylvania as large as a monument. Montana sent a statue in solid silver worth three hundred thousand dollars. There is a statue of Liberty in salt. The great rocks which contained gold and silver did not look valuable to us, but the value of each was marked. Africa sent

loads of rocks from its diamond mines. Large machines crushed the rocks and washed the stones, then the men looked for diamonds among the fragments. While we watched them an expert found a diamond.

The Swiss wood carving in the Manufactures Building was very wonderful. The figures of men and houses and animals would be perfect and often not one-half an inch high. Some of the pretty Swiss watches were as small as a quarter.

In the Fishery Building many kinds of fishes were swimming in large glass cases which were full of water. The fishes swam among rocks, moss and such things as are found in the beds of rivers. The pillars of the porches in that building were covered with small open-mouthed fishes. In the glass works we saw a lady's white dress made of glass. First, the material was woven of fine glass threads, then the dress was made. It had a train and was trimmed with glass ruffles. The men made glass cups and plates while we watched them. In the Midway Plaisance were the houses and people of far away countries. Africans from Dahomey, black and strong with no clothing except short red, yellow and striped skirts and Egyptians, who wore long white robes and white turbans. They drove camels and donkeys and would give you a ride. A camel ride was very funny. Chinamen, Japanese, Javanese and all these people lived in houses built like the ones they lived in at home. Most people liked to ride on the Ferris wheel. It was 264 feet high, had thirty-six cars and two thousand one hundred and sixty people could ride at one time. It moved slowly round and round and when your car was highest from the ground, you could see all over Fair grounds. We saw the Cold Storage building burn. It had a very high tower and some one noticed smoke at the top. The firemen rushed up with the hose and were playing on the fire when it burst out at the bottom of the tower, which fell and about twenty-four firemen were burned. It was very sad and every body wanted to give money to help the wives and children of the firemen, who were poor, so boxes were nailed on posts all over the Fair grounds and all the people put money in them.

E. D.

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A CURIOUS CALCULATION.

Around the World 206 Times.

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Keeping in view this constant strain on the heart, and taking into consideration the abuse it receives from over-exertion, alcoholic and other stimulants, is it any wonder that it finally becomes affected, refuses to perform its work, and causes death? The fact can be readily understood that one in four has a weak heart, also the importance of treating that organ as soon as its affected condition is in the slightest degree manifested.

Reader, if you have any reason whatever for believing your heart to be affected, you should attend to it at once. Do not hesitate. Many persons who die suddenly of this disorder have never suspected its presence.

Joseph Boody, Pierpont, N. Y., writes: "Three years ago I began to have difficulty in breathing, palpitation of the heart set in, and my limbs and ankles were badly swollen. Physicians said I could not live a week. I began using Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure; the first bottle greatly relieved me, and, although 76 years of age, the several bottles I took altogether so immensely benefited me that I am a new man. I cheerfully recommend this remedy."

"While suffering from a severe attack of heart disease, and expecting to die, physicians having afforded me no relief, I was induced to buy some of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure. Every dose lifted me right up, and it seems as though it would almost raise the dead. I would willingly fill the New Heart Cure bottles with gold for the magnificent remedy they contain, if I could not get them on other terms"—S. A. Hull, Franklin, N. Y.

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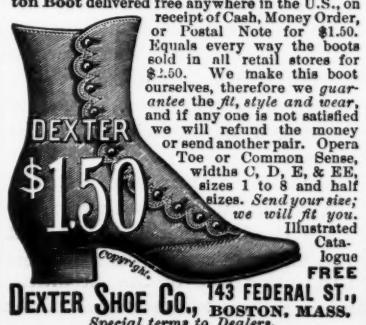


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TRENTON, N. J.

Entered at the Post Office, at Trenton, as
second-class matter.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

THE famous Lion of Lucerne, which is spoken of in the letter of our foreign correspondent, and of which we give a fine illustration, is one of the finest pieces of modern sculpture. It was designed by the famous Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen. It is in memory of the brave Swiss guards in the service of France, who, on August 10th, 1792, bravely defended the royal family from an attack by a mob, and who died thus performing their duty. The Lion is represented as wounded to death, faint and weary, but still protecting with his massive paw the lily which was the emblem of the Kings of France. The water of the pool in the picture has the property of covering with crystals anything plunged into it. The people of Lucerne make little models of the Lion and put them into this pool, and leave them there until they are coated with crystals. Then they sell them to travellers for curiosities.

WE are glad to agree with the opinion lately expressed by the *Silent World*, that there has been of late a marked improvement in our institution papers, as regards both the make-up and the contents. One respect in which this improvement is shown is the general absence of offensive personalities such as at one time were far too common. Nothing is more injurious to the cause of the deaf than the habit of detraction, of fault finding, of imputing unworthy motives to those whose opinions differ from their own, in which some deaf people are so apt to indulge. Within the present season one of the foremost men in the work of deaf-mute instruction, a man whose long course has been marked by constant regard for the highest standard of right and honor, has been accused of base intrigue and of abandoning his strongest convictions from mercenary motives, and all this without a shred of evidence being produced. We do not object to criticism, even

sharp and sarcastic criticism, levelled at one's opinions, or at a line of conduct which seems to the critic mistaken or improper. But when a writer descends to the imputing of wrong motives or under the pretext of criticising the public actions of any one takes the occasion to vent his personal ill-feeling towards that person, we agree with the editor of the *Companion* that "we would much rather have such an article written *against* us than *by* us." Such exhibitions of ill will are now much less frequent than they used to be, and we hope that before long they will have disappeared altogether from the newspapers and from the conversation of the deaf.

WE don't believe that the editorial columns of an institution paper are the proper place for discussing political questions. Neither do we think that the most pressing need of the deaf is to have correct teaching on economic subjects. But if such subjects are to be treated of at all in papers for the deaf, it would be better that the instruction given should be correct. From one of our exchanges we learn that the prosperity of any people is in proportion of the amount of coin in circulation among them. That notion was current a few centuries ago, but it has been disproved not only by the arguments of wise men, but by the experience and common sense of plain men. It is like saying that the size of a farmer's grain crop is regulated by the number of half-bushel measures he has to measure it with. In another paper we read that what this country needs to renew its prosperity is the abolition of the pestilent credit system. That is as wise as to say that what is needed to put our industries in a good condition is the destruction of all the engines and machinery in the country. If the people who wrote these articles are teachers of the deaf, we hope they put more thought into their school-room work than they seem to put into their newspaper writings.

ONE of the results of the instruction of our pupils should be the development of patriotism among them.

By this we do not mean that we should teach them that this is the greatest country the sun ever shone upon, that we Americans "can lick all creation," that we can "jump higher, dive deeper and can come up drier" than any other people under the sun. Patriotism is something vastly more than national vanity. Young Americans (and it should be our aim to make our boys and girls, in the full sense, young Americans) ought to learn that they belong to a great country—great in extent, in wealth, in population, in resources. They ought to understand that this country gives a better chance to them for a free, happy, comfortable life than they could have in any other country.

That there have been and are very many brave and noble and great men and women in this country and that we all have a right to be proud of them. That in this country every citizen has a share in making the country truly great, which can be done only making the men and women honest, brave and intelligent.

In this way the celebration of the national holidays, Washington's Birthday and Memorial Day, may be made to contribute towards the formation of character as well as to afford a welcome break in the routine of school. But it is not alone in the celebration of warlike deeds and of great public services in the line of statesmanship that incentives to patriotism are found. Whenever we read of a generous action, or of a great achievement of any kind by an American, our children should know of it and exult in it as Americans. They should learn to obey the rules of school as grown-up Americans obey the law of the land, with a pride in their obedience.

Such training ought to bring out a kind of patriotism which is good not only for hurrahs and fire-crackers on the Fourth of July, but for a lasting effect on the character.

IT is an old and familiar saying that "distance lends enchantment to the view" and it is a still older and equally true word that "no one lived content with his own lot." We print elsewhere a glowing account of the success of the Paris Institute, the mother of all the American schools for the deaf, from which it would seem that here, at last, is the model school for the deaf, — something better than we can see without crossing the ocean.

But here comes the *Deaf-Mute Advocate*, with an article from the *Gazette de Sourds-Muets*, of Paris, translated by Mr. D. W. George, himself a deaf-mute, which presents matters in a different light. The writer, Mr. Joseph Chazal, a graduate, apparently, of the Paris Institute, visited Chicago this summer as a delegate to the World's Congress of the Deaf, and also visited some of our leading institutions, including the College at Washington. He finds the leaders among the deaf in this country men of superior attainments to the best of the French deaf-mutes, and finds proof of the superiority of American instruction in the wide range of occupations successfully followed by the graduates from our schools.

With rare modesty, such as we have not been accustomed to expect in a Frenchman of all others, he says of himself and his brother delegates at Chicago:

"Embued as they were with the spirit of their mission, they were fairly obliged to admit that they were not up to the standard of their brothers on the other side of the Atlantic." And in answer to the remark of the

"censor of studies" in the Paris Institute, Mr. Dubranle, "We have nothing to learn from the Americans," Mr. Chazal says: "Well, we who have seen it all, tell you that you are not in advance of the American, but you are half a century behind them."

We are quite prepared to believe that the French schools do not reach the highest standard of speech with their pupils when the usual age for admission is twelve years.

When teaching is deferred to that age, the breaking in of the untrained organs of speech to the mechanical production of sound will generally take about all the time the pupil will have in school, and his mental development must suffer.

We believe that in a school which admits pupils only at such an age, it would be better to confine the instruction to written language, except for semi-mutes, than to adopt the pure oral system as has been done in the Paris Institute. However, it is likely that another observer might not find the balance so largely in favor of the American deaf-mutes as Mr. Chazal does. But we must say that most of those who have been acquainted with the deaf on both sides of the Atlantic seem to be rather of his opinion.

HALLOWE'EN.

Hallowe'en, the evening of October 31st, is always one of the bright spots in the school year for our pupils. It was celebrated this year, as usual, by games in the girls' play-room to which all the pupils were invited, and by a treat of candy for the little ones, while the older pupils wound up the evening with an old fashioned corn popping and candy-pull. Every body ought to know by this time all about Hallowe'en, for even if they have not read Burns's poem on the subject, the papers always have long articles describing the various Hallowe'en games and customs. Perhaps not all who take part in these games remember that Hallowe'en is any thing more than a time for merry-making. It is the eve of the feast of All Saints, November 1st, the day on which the Church celebrates the good men and women of all ages who have deserved the name of saint, but who have been forgotten by the world. We print in another column Lowell's beautiful lines on All Saints, and no doubt each one who reads the poem will think of some one (a woman rather than a man most likely), whom he has known and to whom the lines will most aptly apply.

A gentleman once asked a deaf and dumb boy, "What is truth?" He replied by taking a piece of chalk and drawing on the blackboard a straight line between two points. Then he asked him, "What is a lie?" The boy rubbed out the straight line and drew a zigzag or crooked line between the same points. Remember this.—Ex.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. Myers, our matron, was very sick this month, but we are glad to say she is herself again.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester," a lamp with the light of the morning. Catalogues, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

The pupils had a most enjoyable time on Hallowe'en. Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Swartz got up the entertainment.

School here closed noon on Wednesday, so that the pupils might go home to spend Thanksgiving. We hope they will have a good time.

Kroekel, the notorious bad boy, is now confined at the Jamesburg Reform School. He was transferred to that place from the Trenton prison.

Peter Gaffney now rides a "Derby" wheel, which is said to be one of the best made. He finds that a wheel is very useful to him in going to and from work.

Dr. Quackenbos is quite a mechanic. He mended the globe which one of the pupils broke last year. He seems to have a good many strings to his bow.

Mrs. Bice, the mother of one of the pupils, has been assisting in the mending the past several days, because there was more work than the girls could do.

Mr. Hopkins, who used to be our engineer, writes from Jersey City that he likes to read the SILENT WORKER and renews his subscription for the coming two years.

The people here talk a good deal about the coming foot-ball game between Yale and Princeton on Thanksgiving day. Though they think Yale the strongest team, they hope Princeton will win.

Our new engineer's name is Charles McLaughlin. In the early part of this month his brother, who works in the Trenton Iron Company wire mill, had his hand badly lacerated in the machinery.

Messrs. Bowker and Salter are back to their old places in the saw works, after an idleness of nearly four months. The potteries remain closed, which probably accounts for Ray Burdsall's non-appearance in Trenton.

Mr. Wesley G. Gaskill, of Dunaleen presented her husband with a bright baby girl on the 4th inst. Mother and child are doing well and the parents are proud and happy to have this bright sunbeam in their home.

Tommy Taggart is generally well supplied with flowers. Hardly a month goes by that he does not receive a box of flowers from home. The latest box contained some choice chrysanthemums.

The bonfire which the pupils got up on election night was the best in the neighborhood. Seven old barrels

stuffed with leaves were piled on top of another and set on fire and the illumination was a rare treat to the pupils.

The Fraction Teacher invented by Prof. James Denison of the College for the Deaf in Washington, D. C., is used in the school rooms. By using this frame a teacher can teach his class almost anything about fractions. Mr. Denison is deaf himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter have received some chrysanthemum slips cut from prize winners. They were sent by Robert Maynard, of Yonkers, N. Y., who has devoted considerable attention to the cultivation of this plant. Next year they expect to have a chrysanthemum show.

Miss Essie Spanton writes to a friend here that she has a suite of four rooms at the hotel Endicott, Columbus avenue and 81st., New York City, and that she has a team of horses, a phaeton and a footman and rides to and from the Fanwood school every day. She is very lucky to have all these luxuries.

Mr. Jenkins has fitted up the dispensary for a store. He has samples of groceries, such as sugar, tea, rice, etc., also samples of dry goods, such as calico, ribbons, muslin, cashmere, &c. The idea is to teach the pupils how to buy, how to weigh and measure goods and to make change, and seems to be a good one.

Harry Smith, while feeding the printing press on the 22d inst., got his hand caught in the machine and badly crushed. No bones were broken, however, and the doctor who attended him thinks he will be all right again inside of three weeks. It is the first accident of the kind that ever happened at the school.

John Geiger, Jr., who graduated from our school seven years ago, came to the school on the 5th inst., to take Lena Schaublein home so she could attend the funeral of her father. John is a silk weaver and makes good wages. He was much surprised at the improvements at the school. In his time there were no trades taught.

Harry Pidcock, who is under the instruction of Mrs. Porter in the art department and preparing for a position in one of the potteries, has decorated a vase with roses. The design is beautiful and the coloring excellent. Harry has lots of perseverance and is trying to reach the standard of excellence attained by Raymond Burdsall.

Classification of the pupils took place on November 1st. The morning service in the chapel has been discarded and the teachers are obliged to work six hours a day, instead of five as formerly. This change exempts them from evening study hour which is now in charge of Supervisor Condon. All the oldest pupils now have four hours a day in the school room and two

hours in the shops. The grading of pupils is considered far the best in years and consequently better results are expected. The order of the day now is as follows: School 8:30 A. M. to 12:30 P. M., and from 2 P. M. to 4 P. M. The same number of hours are spent in the industrial departments.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The New Jersey School sends out an excellent paper. Considering the size of the school, it shows unusual enterprise, and is conducted with marked ability.—*Canadian Mule*.

The New Jersey SILENT WORKER expects to appear in a new dress during Thanksgiving week; new type having been ordered for the purpose. Our present admiration of this very excellent journal will be greatly increased.—*Maryland Bulletin*.

The SILENT WORKER, published at the New Jersey School, is certainly entitled to much credit for the enterprise and ability shown in its management. It easily takes first place among its confreres. The New Jersey School is not large, but it is progressive.—*Canadian Mule*.

The Advocate, under the management of a one-time New York "boy," is looming up to be quite a paper.

The same could have long since been truthfully said of the SILENT WORKER, which under the management, typographical and otherwise, of a New York boy, George Sidney Porter, has become a monthly of no mean pretensions. Its illustrations are a great feature, and if it keeps up its present standard it will soon occupy a field distinctly its own and won by its own efforts.—"Hypo," in *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

The SILENT WORKER is the appropriate name of a very neat and interesting twelve page monthly newspaper edited, printed and published by the New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes, at Trenton. The paper contains many very interesting and well written articles upon live subjects, from the pens of inmates of the school and other educated deaf-mutes. The SILENT WORKER is edited with a decided ability

that must make it very interesting to the general reader into whose hands it may fall. The mechanical work of the paper is all done in the school, and is of a character not only highly creditable to the printer's art, but wonderful when the disadvantages the workers have to overcome are taken into consideration.—*New Brunswick Times*.

The SILENT WORKER, published at the New Jersey school is probably one of the best Institution family papers that come to us as exchanges. Its last issue is full of spicy and choice reading matter, and its appearance is very creditable and typographical. Its manager is Mr. George Porter, an able and experienced printer. As it is issued monthly, we would like to see it as a weekly one.—*Deaf-Mute Critic*.

The SILENT WORKER of September was an interesting and well illustrated paper. Its leading article of the distinguished American deaf-mute painter is excellent.—*The Deseret Eagle*.

The SILENT WORKER, from a typographical, artistic and literary standpoint, is hard to beat, and now that Mr. Porter is bending his energies to still further improve it, we think that it would but be just to him if at the head of the editorial column were emblazoned: "George S. Porter, Editor," so that the profession and the deaf generally would know who was responsible for the neat appearance of that paper. [The Principal of the New Jersey School is the editor of the SILENT WORKER.—*Ed. Advocate.*] But the credit for the improvements in the make-up of the paper and the introduction of the new features which have been so warmly approved by our friends, belongs chiefly to Mr. Porter.—[ED. SILENT WORKER.]

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Look for this stamp—THE ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer hasn't the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated catalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over 2,000 varieties from the Largest Lamp Store in the World.

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"The Rochester."

THE SCHOOL ROOM.

All articles relating to school-room work will come under this head. This department is conducted by ROWLAND B. LLOYD, A.B., to whom all articles on kindred subjects should be addressed.

The design of this page is to give the relatives of our pupils and others an idea of the work going on in the class-rooms of this school. Except in the older classes, the work is necessarily very elementary. At the outset the work is very slow, for we have to make them understand that it is possible to indicate an object or an action by a word, and then comes the slow process of teaching children disinclined to study, the things that hearing children already know when they begin to talk. Schools, where the deaf may learn, are an inestimable boon to them. There they learn all that makes life worth living. Parents who keep their deaf children from these schools, from notions of compassion, do them a great wrong, and if they keep them away or take them away before their time is up, they commit a crime also against the child—a crime which the state should punish by fine.

R. B. L.

Directions.

I.

1. Ask if Mr. J. is well.
2. Ask if you may go out.
3. Ask where you were born.
4. Ask how far it is to California.
5. Ask how long it takes to go around the earth.
6. Ask how President Garfield was killed.
7. Ask when dinner will be ready.
8. Ask where I was born.
9. Ask your father why he does not come to see the school.
10. Ask John where he was yesterday afternoon.
11. Ask if it rained last night.
12. Ask for some writing paper.

II.

1. Tell John to button up his coat.
2. Tell William to mind his own business.
3. Tell Mary not to talk in school.
4. Tell Ida to put away her slate.
5. Tell George not to put his pencil in his mouth.
6. Tell Walter to shake hands with somebody.
7. Tell Richard to come to you.
8. Tell Charles to go to bed.
9. Tell Henry that Mr. Jenkins wants him immediately.

I.

Question Papers.

1. Did you ever see a house on fire?
2. Did it burn down?
3. Was it a big fire?
4. Did the firemen arrive before the fire had gained much headway?
5. Was the supply of water good?
6. What sort of building was it?
7. What time of day did it occur?
8. Who owned the property?
9. What was the loss?
10. What was the insurance?
11. Is a fireman's occupation dangerous?
12. Why?

THE SCHOOL ROOM.

All articles relating to school-room work will come under this head. This department is conducted by ROWLAND B. LLOYD, A.B., to whom all articles on kindred subjects should be addressed.

1. Does the thunder ever wake you up?
2. Do you ever get up in the night?
3. Who conducted the service in chapel last Sunday?
4. On which side of the chapel do the girls sit?
5. What are your school hours?
6. Who gave you permission to take that book?
7. Who excused you from study last evening?
8. Who is on duty this week?
9. Who put out the gas?
10. What kept you awake?

III.

1. Who sits in front of you?
2. Who sits behind you?
3. Who sits on your left?
4. Who sits on your right?
5. On which side of the room do you sit?
6. On which side of the room is the door?
7. Which way does this building face?
8. On which side of the street is it?
9. In what part of the building is the Principal's office?
10. Which way do you face when you are seated in the chapel?
11. How far from the door is your seat in school?

IV.

1. Did you go to church on Sunday?
2. Are you a member?
3. Where do you sit?
4. Are the seats cushioned?
5. Are there book-racks in the pews?
6. Is the congregation large?
7. Does the minister wear a gown?
8. Is there a choir?
9. Did you ever blow an organ?
10. Who is the sexton?
11. Who is the pastor?
12. To what denomination do your parents belong?
13. Do you partake of the communion?

Compositions.

I have a cup. It is white. It has no handle. It is empty.

I have a box. It is made of wood. It is light. It is almost square. It contains crayons.

I have a bottle. It is dirty. It is made of glass. It is small. It is empty.

I have a sponge. It is old. It is dirty. It is useful. It is to wash slates. It is soft.

I have a key. It is made of iron. It is small. It is hollow. It is black. It locks a desk.

What I See in the Picture.

(An Assisted Production.)

An old man is begging. He is holding out his hat. Three boys are throwing snow-balls at a snow-man. A man is skating. He has no overcoat on. A man is splitting wood. Two men are cutting down a tree.

Two men are cutting ice. A man is pushing a sleigh. There is a lady in the sleigh. She has her hands in a muff. A girl is feeding some birds on a wood-pile. A boy is teaching a dog to sit up on his hind legs. A woman is holding a baby in her arms. A man has broken through the ice. He is crawling out of the water. His hat has fallen off. A dog is barking at some birds. Smoke is coming out of a chimney.

This book is an illustrated catalogue and price-list of tools. It has many illustrations and 330 pages. It is published at New York City. It is about 8 inches long and 5 inches wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch thick. It is the issue of September 1st, 1891. It is a free catalogue. It is a good book. It is written by Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co. It is not issued every month.

G. R.

This paper is the *Scientific American*. It is the issue of July 29, 1893. The subscription price is \$3 per year. It has many illustrations on art, science, mechanics, chemistry and manufactures. It is a weekly. It is published at New York. It tells about the World's Fair. The first page has a picture of the grand tower clock of the Self-Winding Clock Company. It was established in 1845. It is useful to read.

C. H.

This is the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It is published by the Curtis Publishing Company, in Philadelphia. It is Vol. X. No. 11. The yearly subscription is one dollar. Single copies are ten cents each. The periodical has many pictures. It has four columns to a page. It has thirty-six pages. The picture on the front cover represents a lady gathering flowers. The picture was made by Frank O. Small. It has a story about the home of Christine Nilsson, and other articles. It has a big advertisement of Jordan, Marsh & Co., of Boston, Mass., on the back.

C. A.

Natural History.

1. What fundamental difference is there between a horse and a fly? A horse has bones and red blood, but a fly has none.

2. In what other respects do they differ?

A horse is a very large animal and a fly is a very small animal. A fly has six legs and a horse four legs. A fly has two wings, but a horse has none. A fly has 4000 small eyes, but a horse has two large eyes. We can crush a fly, but we cannot crush a horse. A fly can fly and a horse cannot. A fly can crawl on the wall, but a horse cannot. A horse has a tail, but a fly has none.

3. In what animals do we find red blood?

We find red blood in horses, cows, pigs, donkeys, mules, sheep, dogs, oxen and many other animals.

4. Name some animals formed with bones and having red blood and in some respects resembling a horse?

They are donkeys, mules and zebras.

5. Name some other animals quite different from the horse, but that resemble one another in having bones, and blood?

They are cows, oxen, buffaloes, pigs and other animals.

6. Under what common name are all these animals ranked?

They are called vertebrates.

7. Why?

Because they have backbones.

8. What peculiarities does the skeleton of the serpent present?

It has no limbs.

c.c.

Arithmetic.

Mrs. Whitney went shopping with \$100. She spent \$34.85 for silk and bought a bonnet for \$17.75, a pair of shoes for \$6 and some muslin for \$9.80. How much money has she left?

A young man receives a salary of \$15 a week. He pays \$5 for his board and his other expenses are \$4.65. If all the remainder goes to pay a debt of \$200, how long will it take him to pay it?

A farmer brought to Market 20 barrels of apples and 25 bushels of potatoes. He sold the apples at \$3 a barrel and the potatoes at 70 cents a bushel. He bought a horse for \$94. How much money had he left?

J. E. Hart bought of Constine, grocer, as follows: 14 lbs. butter @ 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts., 3 lbs. cheese @ 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts., 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ bu. apples @ \$2.48 $\frac{1}{2}$, 6 doz. eggs @ 18 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts., 3 hams each weighing 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. @ 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts., 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. lard @ 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts., 180 lbs. flour @ 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts., 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. mackerel @ 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts., 6 lbs. rice @ 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts. Make out the bill.

A servant girl bought 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of round steak for 72 cents. What was the price per pound?

What will it cost to cover the floor of this room with ingrain carpet at 60 cents a yard?

Reproduction Stories.

Olive Shermer was nearly killed last week. She was leaning out of a second story-window, when she lost her balance and fell to the ground. In her descent she went through the branches of a large tree which broke her fall. She was picked up unconscious but will probably recover.

A boy named Freeman fell twenty feet from a hickory tree one day last week. He fell upon a pile of stones and was picked up unconscious. He was removed to a hospital where he died the next morning.

Willie Flemming was severely bitten by a dog which was thoughtlessly set upon him by some little boys. The dog was shot.

A little boy named Cook tried to reach a cup which was hanging inside a well. He lost his balance and fell into the water. When he came up the third time, he caught hold of the bucket and his sister saved his life. His head was badly cut.

ABOUT THE DEAF.

The editor of the *Deaf-Mute Critic*, the only independent paper for the deaf in this country, was married on the 4th of October.

Douglas Tilden, the American deaf sculptor now in Paris, has donated the plaster cast of "Tired Boxer" to the Art Institute of Chicago.

The California *Weekly News* speaks of a deaf man who fell over a hub and spoke. What is the matter with that deaf and dumb farmer who sold his flocks and herd?—*The Washingtonian*.

Mr. W. E. Hoy will spend the winter in California, playing in center-field for Nash's aggregation of baseball talent. The club will be known as the Boston Baseball Club, and will contain a number of stars. The opening game was played in San Francisco on October 29th.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

The Chicago deaf-mutes have made arrangements to build a church for their own use, which is an enterprise every one interested in the welfare of the deaf will be glad to hear of. Hitherto New York and Philadelphia have been the only cities maintaining a church for the exclusive use of a deaf congregation. "Westward the tide of progress makes its way."

A deaf-mute named J. L. Peterson, was killed in a foot-ball game at Delavan, Wis., on Saturday, November 4th. The team of the deaf-mute school was playing a game with that of Beloit College, in which the latter won by a score of 18 to 8. During the game Peterson, who was running after the ball, fell, and some of the other players fell on top of him, breaking his neck.

Down in the Midway Plaisance the deaf-mute had an advantage over the ordinary hearing man. He found the signlanguage avolapuk through which he could place himself on speaking terms with the representatives of the nations of the earth there congregated. It is astonishing now freely the natives of the East use and comprehend signs. One can well believe it possible, after once getting out of the country of the stolid Anglo Saxon, to journey around the world and not need to speak a word. I tried it in several instances in the different villages and found myself readily comprehended. I even addressed a few remarks to the great baboon who inhabits a cage in the centre of the Java Village, but he replied to me orally, and as he had a pair of lips that it were exceedingly difficult to read, I did not catch what he said, and therefore am not certain whether he comprehended me.—*Silent World*.

DO THE DEAF HEAR IN DREAMS?

For some time there has been going the rounds of the press the question, "Do the deaf hear in dreams?" Doctors and savants seem interested in the solution and investigations have been made but so far only one real deaf-mute has claimed to have heard in a dream. Now the writer of this is not a mute having lost her hearing at nine year of age and she can remember many sounds such as the human voice, certain tunes, singing of birds and running water, though every year they grow fainter and fainter and seem to recede into the distance. The question excited her curiosity to the extent of trying to solve it herself in her own case. But much to her surprise immediately on waking she found it impossible to do so. She could remember the conversation perfectly—the questions asked and the answers given—but how? Whether written, spoken, spelled or signed it is impossible to say. This has been tried for months and always with the same result. Has any other semi-mute the same experience?

THE SCHOOLS.

Tailoring has been added to the trades taught at the Arkansas Institution.

The pupils and officers in the Manual department of the Pennsylvania Institution at Mt. Airy have started a relief fund for needy deaf-mutes.

Mr. Albert Berg, a teacher in the Indiana School, is the only deaf-mute known to have been elected a member of the Life Underwriter's Association, an insurance company.

President Gallaudet of the National Deaf-Mute College, will ask for an appropriation of \$30,000 part of which is intended for the establishment of a technical department.

Steps are being taken to establish a school for the deaf in Racine, Wis., to be under the supervision of the superintendent of schools. A bill has been passed by the Wisconsin legislature which provides for the establishment of such schools in any city or village of the state, the state paying \$125 for each scholar under instruction at least nine months in the year.

Mr. R. E. Bary, a semi-mute and an accomplished artist and designer, of Toronto, has been appointed to the vacancy created in the Ontario school by the resignation of Mr. Beaton. He also has the classes in drawing under his supervision. Mr. Bray has been living in Chicago for the last three years where he has made a reputation for himself in his line of work. The climate did not agree with him and he was forced for this reason to seek another location. We wish him success in his new field of labor.—*Canadian Mute*.

CHESS.

Prof. Lloyd, New Jersey, vs., Prof. Walker, Texas.

Below we give the moves to date in the chess match now being played between the Texas School for the Deaf and the New Jersey School:

WHITE.	BLACK.
(<i>N. J. School.</i>)	(<i>Texas School.</i>)
1. P—K 4	1. P—K 4
2. K Kt—B 3	2. Q Kt—B 3
3. P—Q 4	3. P x P
4. K B—Q B 4	4. P—KR 3
5. Castles	5. KB—Q B 4
6. P—Q B 3	6. P x P
7. Q Kt x P	7. P—Q 3
8. Q—Q Kt 3	8. Q—Q 2
9. B—Q Kt 5	9. P—Q R 3
10. Q—Q R 4	10. K Kt—K 2
11. Q Kt—Q 5	11. B—R 2
12. B x Kt	12. Kt x Kt
13. P—K 5	13. P x P
14. R—Q sq	14. P—Q Kt 4
15. Q—K 4	15. Q—Q 3
16. P—Q Kt 3	16. P—K B 4
17. Q—R 4	17. B—Q 5
18. Kt x B	18. Kt x Kt
19. R x Kt	19. P x R
20. Q x P	20. Castles
21. B—B 4	21. Q—Q 2
22. B x Q B P	22. K—R—B 2
23. R—Q sq	23. Q—Q B 3
24. B—K B 4	24. B—K 2
25. P—K B 3	25. Q x Kt
26. Q x Q	26. Q x Q
27. R x B	27. K—K R 2
28. P—K R 4	28. Q R—K sq
29. B—Q 2	29. KR—KB sq
30. B—Q B 3	30. KR—KB sq

GAME 2.

(*Between the Same Players Begun Aug. '93*)

WHITE (Texas).

WHITE (Texas).	BLACK (N. J.)
1. P—K 4	1. P—Q B 4
2. Kt—K B 3	2. P—K 3
3. P—Q 4	3. P x P
4. Q x P	4. Q Kt—B 3
5. Q—Q 2	5. K Kt—B 3
6. K B—Q 2	6. P—Q 4
7. P—K 5	7. K Kt—Q 2
8. B—Q Kt 6	8. P—Q R 3
9. B x Kt	9. P x B
10. P—Q Kt 2	10. B—K 2

The first game is drawing to a close. Both Prof. Lloyd of this school and Prof. Walker of the Lone Star State have played an even game from the start, and the remaining few moves may result in a draw; but as every move that is made now tells, the one who makes a bad move will probably lose. The second game between the same players is not yet far enough advanced to tell which side has the advantage. Those who have studied the progress of the game from the start, must have already formed opinions as to the relative strength of the players.

Turaccioletti has discovered a stratagem for saving himself from annoyance on certain occasions. He pretends to be deaf. Yesterday he met a friend, who said to him: "Will you end 5 francs?" "What? I didn't hear," said Turaccioletti. "Lend me to 10 francs."

"You said five the first time." —*Notto per Ridere.*

ALL SAINTS.

NOVEMBER 1ST

One feast, of holy days the crest,
I, though no churchman, love to keep,
All Saints,—the unknown good that rest
In God's still memory folded deep!
The bravely dumb that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain heroic breed
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such Eved not in the past alone,
But thread today the unheeding street,
And stairs to Sin and Famine known
Sing with the welcome of their feet;
The den they enter grows a shrine,
The grimy sash an oriel burns,
Their cup of water warms like wine,
Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
An aureole traced in tenderest light,
The rainbow gleam of smiles through tears
In dying eyes by them made bright,
Of souls that shivered on the edge
Of that chill ford repass'd no more,
And in their mercy felt the pledge
And sweetness of the farther shore.
—*J. R. Lowell.*

One of the teachers, with his wife, was seated in the Family Circle. In front of him, four or five rows away, was another professor with his wife and several friends. Between the acts, as teacher No. 1 was conversing with his wife, an acquaintance asked him how far the deaf could converse. "As far as they can see plainly, and make no noise about it," was the reply. "Suppose you wished to speak to Mr. ——, down there, how would you attract his attention?" "I should telegraph to him." "Don't see how." "I'll show you," and, crumpling his programme in his hand, No. 1 tossed it lightly and truly into the lap of a lady belonging to the party. She looked round. "Jog Mr. ——, please,"—on the fingers.

Mr. ——'s attention was called to his would-be interlocutor, and rapid and silent communication kept up for a couple of minutes; then the lights went out and the curtain went up.

At the next intermission the doubting Thomas was told that he could not have accomplished the same thing orally without having the whole house hear him and consequently disturbing everybody. The occurrence shows that there are compensations for all deprivations, and that the manual alphabet is a good thing to have at one's finger ends. The sign-language, of course, taking up more space, and being, so to speak, in larger characters, can be read much farther away than the manual alphabet, and is, besides, much more rapid and concise—a veritable shorthand as compared with spelling on the fingers.—*Register.*

Mrs. H—— recently asked for a servant girl who would do good work and was not fond of listening and talking back.

"Go to the Deaf-Mutes' Asylum," said the employment agent. Mrs. H—— took it for an insult and had him handed up before a police justice to answer a charge of being disorderly. After explaining, the justice had Mrs. H—— arrested for wasting his time. So the world goes on!

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

With November Comes Frost and Thanksgiving Day—A Word on The Season—Hit and Miss Chat—That Much Talked of Consolidated Cosmopolitan Club—Christmas, its Pleasures and Abuses.

The month of November was ushered in by the usual yearly change in the scenery and temperature, and already the trees have a wintry appearance. The beginning of the month is always the longest period to any one; not so this time, for Fall elections have put life into everything, and the time flies awfully fast. By this time everything in the sense of politics has been settled. Victors and losers have forgotten their brawls and dissensions and now are settling down to the work assigned them by the people.

Aside from the elections, this is a great month for football and in consequence New Yorkers have had the plum of the lot. Philadelphia had the Princeton-Pennsylvania game, which was so exciting and which the Tigers won by 4-0. New York has so far had the Princeton-Wesleyan; Yale-N. Y. A. C.; Harvard-Cornell; Yale-Pennsylvania games with the Yale-Princeton game to come on Thanksgiving Day. The latter is by far more important and fully 50,000 people will turn out to see the game leaving out the great swarms of dead-heads that can see the game from the bluffs overlooking Manhattan Field. Everybody seems to have gone crazy over games past and to come. Fake players stroll about showing a large crop of hair and the number of visitors in the city is unquestionable. Dinners and parties are forsaken just to see the annual event between twenty-two sturdy collegians. It's always a battle for blood and generally the best team wins, and it's a matter of considerable merit to be the lucky man to pick the winner. The bushy shock-haired football player, fake if you please, reminded us of a couple of verses which we append:—

"Tell me not in merry accents,
That I have an unblushed roof;
'Tis the hairy head that lacks sense—
Baldness is of thought a proof.

"Not for wise men matted hair is,
Black or brown or red or fair;
Let the savage of the prairie
Waste his time in raising hair.

"Let us, then, O hairless brother
Proudly through, life's pathway roll;
We remember that dear mother
Earth is barren at the pole."

So much for football; let us turn our thoughts to Thanksgiving Day. Every year the President of the United States issues a proclamation setting aside a day for universal Thanksgiving, which falls this year on November 30th and it is coming, be the weather dark or fair, times hard or prospering matters not. See the joy upon the faces as the market turkey appears. It behoove us to think of having the dining chamber ready and a hot stove burning and to sit near the stove to catch the juicy flavor of his turkeyship as the oven door is opened now and then, and it delights the soul to see the pumpkin being washed into gold dust, the cranberry bubbling as it rises and falls in the saucepan. Then comes the procession of extras and we are impatient for a taste of his turkeyship.

But, dear readers, we must first go to meeting where the parson we shall

hear. He it is who will speak in golden words the blessings that have gathered during the year. Old folks will muse on Thanksgiving Days gone by. Youth will speak on those to come after meeting, and it is good form to be religious on the grand old day of days. The dyspeptic person mourns the approach of the noon-day hour when tables heavily laden with good things will greet his appearance, but his melancholy form will give rise to comment and a taste of this and that will be his cry. But we speak in the light of those good things. Think, readers, of the many, many who will have no cause for Thanksgiving. The poor are without the means, and think of the many homes wrecked and desolated, the result of the hard times last summer, and which at present continue. Strive and lend a helping hand at this season of good cheer. "A friend in need, is a friend indeed." No one can claim to have a friend who is in want, no matter how elevated or low. We cannot do too much at this season of the year.

What a great amount of talk has been going on between "Hypo" and "Montague Tigg" over the apparent want of and the impossibility of forming a Cosmopolitan Club. We agree with the latter so far as the matter stands or rather goes. A year or so in the *Journal* we spent time and strength on the same subject and our predecessors have done likewise. It is like the dying camp fire. Now and then a spark will shine as fanned by the wind, only to sink and entirely go "dead broke and busted." Well, now, the only suggestion that we can offer to smooth matters over is to look backward. It is needless to here jot down a column or so on this subject. The past speaks for itself; the future will take care of itself also. There is now in project the forming of such a club in New York. A club that will need the support of every mute residing here who has any feeling for the elevation of his class. It is as it stands as if the last of the fates, Hope, was struggling and tugging to get out of Pandora's box and yet held by that myth it refuses to escape. Still we can hope for the success of the scheme, and backed by some of the "stars" and lesser lights with plenty of young blood and new ideas it does look as if the results will be born when the snow begins to fly. Such a realization and its outcome would be to "Hypo" a "sweeping" victory. He would gloat over his success in guiding the Empire City mutes and then encouraging them on to the formation of the club. Ha, my gentle "Hypo," such a thing would not be allowed to enter the minds of the mutes here. We had this project in view years ago, but the plans would not or could not materialize. The Fanwood Quad Club has solved the problem. We, like "Hypo," "anxiously" await the outcome. That he should be in ignorance of the fact is nobody's but his own fault. If the club is not formed and a hall is not built, then we will apologize to "Hypo" for our own ignorance. We cannot refrain from smiling as we glance at these two writers, as their ideas look on paper. "Fools make feasts and the wise man eats them." Wonder if it will all end in "talk" as "Montague Tigg" suggests.

The "Deaf-Mutes'" Advocate has made its appearance here. "Rome was not built in a day," said we to "Ted" as he handed us a copy. "Looks very much like the *Journal*," added your scribe. "Oh, no," said "Ted," "it is not a cast off from that paper."

"Anyhow, the style, headlines and general news is none other than the *Journal's* double. We can see no reason for duplicating a paper that has nigh on to twenty-three years held its own and which the deaf proclaim as their national paper."

"Ted" wasn't in it. We are and always have been of the opinion that the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* is the best weekly paper of its class we have had the pleasure to take up. We speak not from favoritism, nor do we claim ye editor's friendship as the keynote of this article. The *Journal* has been imitated by many but excelled by none, and it therefore becomes the duty of the deaf community to support such a paper.

The starting of an independent weekly paper for the deaf by the mutes (how many) of Chicago is looked at as "a fool and his money is soon parted." Chicago will look sheep's eyes after shares in this city.

"Why, it is like going to sea and jumping over board," said a mute.

All those who have the good fortune to know "A Quad," who spends most of his days in the rural districts of Washington Heights, will at once unite in unison in shouting "he's a jolly good fellow." His side-splitting jokes have banished many a troublesome thought from a poor fellow's mind. We chanced to meet him not long since. He referred to our joke in the SILENT WORKER of last month's issue on that *bathing* record. Yes, it took just one month to get on to that joke. "A Quad" said that it was the greatest and cleanest joke he had ever had the occasion to see in print. We do not feel elated, as he may have exaggerated it a little.

The World's Fair went down to history ere our last letter reached its many readers. What a pity such a national triumph should end in tragedy. It was a strange sad reversal of human anticipation, therefore, that a murderer's bullet should have cast a cloud of the deepest mourning over the last day of the White City. Yet, after all, pathetic and horrible as this gloomy climax was, it was the touch of one phase of our civilization that had happily been lacking at the Exposition. Humanity alone triumphant had been exhibited in glittering profusion. The dark gloom had no effect on the great brilliant buildings. Thus it was a dream city, much more of a fairy city, passionless, unsullied, as the good people would have life to be.

But now the missing chord has been added. Its gates are closed forever. It closed midst not a glorious celebration, but with a pageant, the image of grief, of humanity degraded, following to the grave the remains of the Fair's greatest promotor, and who loved its grandeur as much as he did his people and his city, Mayor Carter Harrison.

Speaking of the crowds in the Midway Pleasance, in Jackson Park, a correspondent writes to the Paris *Figaro*: "They move along like a procession of Quakers. They have no jokes, no frolics, no shouts, no fun. The dead silence that marks their promenade, makes one think of the procession of the pupils of some Deaf and Dumb Institution, * * * * — Eugene Field in *Chicago News-Record*.

We fear Eugene had no better opinion of the deaf and dumb than the original writer, for to convince him that the deaf can shout, joke, frolic with lots of fun thrown in, just let him step up this way and hear your scribe holler: "A Quad," joke; William Gladstone Jones frolic; and the fun

we have been having at the Chicago Pas-a-Pas Club's expense.

Quite a craze in the nuptial field has taken hold of the mutes roundabouts here. Mr. Warren and Miss Nellie Kortright were married not long since; those billed are during the present week, Mr. William McVea and Miss Carrie Staring; later on Mr. Eschert and Miss Maggie Teidemann; then for sometime in January Mr. Frank Turner and Miss Ella F. Taylor. All are former pupils of the New York Institution with the exception of Miss Staring, who was educated at the Trenton Institution.

As regards the Union League ball, may we ask a question? "Central Opera House Assembly Rooms." That does sound queer. We do not believe the pride of the deaf will allow of attendance at a ball in the Assembly Rooms of any House. To be thrown down in the basement when there is a better hall up stairs would convince one of "there's nothing like it." Do we take it for granted that such is the case? Will the Committee explain?

Ere the next issue of the WORKER reaches its readers, the beautiful Christmas tide will have arrived and with it the beginning of a new year. Open your purses and show your appreciation of the year to make others happy,—not only those of your own household but those whom you know are really in want.

It seems strange that at the end of the year in the midst of winter, the darkest and dreariest period of the whole twelve months, should be set apart as the gift season, and there are indications of its observance in the remotest antiquity. It seems as if the instinctive faith and hope of man rose up and resisted the cold hand of nature and built an artificial wall of kindness about them and joy for wounded hearts.

It is a consecrated occasion for doing good. It has become the gift season of the year. It calls for the exercise of the greatest generosity, the sweetest charity. It nourishes the roots of kindness and is friendship's flowering season.

The beautiful custom has grown by what it was fed upon, changing from age to age, until to-day it crowns the year. It has created special industries and is one of the elements of trade and gives employment to thousands of people. Artisans and artists, poor women, skilled and unskilled toilers begin to prepare for it in early summer being kept busy and supplied with bread for months in making articles of use and beauty. Children look forward to its coming, with eager anticipation, wondering for weeks what they shall receive.

Another thing, bear in mind the bad form of gift-making where your means are not sufficient, and to procure and give away this and that, you are forced to run into debt.

None are so old, so poor or so rich as not to expect to be gladdened by tokens of remembrance. The poor are made to feel that they are a great family, cared for and regarded. It is really glad and inspiring to think how once every year a divine kindness seems to take possession of human hearts which fills them with a passion for gift making which exists everywhere and fills homes with rejoicing.

It is well to give for the sake of giving; to give in order to express kind feelings; to give that the spirit of generosity and good will may be encouraged. It creates an obligation of some sort. Few people like to

receive without returning an equivalent and here it is that it often occurs that the value of such gifts often causes embarrassment to either one or both parties.

The giving of costly presents at this season of the year is something of an abuse of the occasion, and tends to encourage an extravagance which would be ruinous. Many people have embarrassed themselves for months to pay for presents they felt called upon to make by a fashion they lacked the moral courage to disobey.

We hope our readers will excuse the length of this letter and accept from us the good wishes of a bright and joyful Thanksgiving and that the brightest of blessings will continue to be bestowed upon them.

INFANTE.

JERSEY CITY AND NEWARK.

A new Society Organized — A Surprise Party — News in brief.

At last!

Our readers may wonder what "at last" means if I don't give an explanation, so here it is.

The mutes have been endeavoring to organize a society in New Jersey for some time this year, but very little was done until recently, when it was decided to go to work in earnest.

Two weeks ago there appeared in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* a notice proclaiming that the mutes in New Jersey were earnestly requested to assemble and hold a mass meeting with the intention of organizing a new *deaf-mute* fraternal society in Newark.

The meeting was to be held on November 4th, but as it was a terrible night for people to go out, very few mutes were present at the meeting, and after some discussion, it was decided to hold another mass meeting on November 11th.

This time good weather favored us. Thus the meeting came off in Newark in the chapel of Trinity church on Rector street.

The object of this newly organized society is to cultivate and elevate moral and fraternal feelings among our afflicted brethren.

There were about twenty mutes present.

A committee of five was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Hutton, Nash, Parkington, Newcomb and Lawrence, to make up the by-laws. Mr. Hutton was elected chairman of the meeting by an unanimous vote. Mr. Nash, who is the leader of this organization (I am told) was unable to be present. The meeting was called to order and after a brief address by the chairman, plans for the future progress of the society were discussed. Then came up the question: What shall we name our society?

After some discussion, *pro* and *con*, it was resolved to name it the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Association. This is not the same which the old association held. The word *State* was dropped out.

They promised to uphold the association as long as they have the money to spare, and will not allow any obstacles to come in their way. The outlook for a prosperous and successful association seems very bright and ere long we expect to have almost forty members enrolled on the membership book.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Mr. Emil Scheifler, of Montclair, N. J., who went to Louisville, Ky., returned home last week. His parents

telegraphed for him. He visited the "White City," Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other cities, on the way home. Louisville, we believe, is too tough a place for him to be in.

Edward Manning, of Jersey City, secured a new position as compositor in one of Jersey City's largest job printing offices last month, and was kept steadily at work until this week, when work slackened, and he has ever since been out of work.

Mr. Charles McManus, of Newark, N. J., has been looking up the sights at the World's Fair for sometime. News of his return has not reached us yet.

After voting on Election day, some minutes from Jersey City went over to Newark to spend the rest of the day.

We think that the cranks, who admire yacht racing, have had their share of enjoyment over the victory won by the American Yacht, *Vigilant*, last month. So now it is the football cranks' turn to come out for their share.

The mutes in New Jersey are strong Princeton supporters. So is your scribe; he is not only a strong one, but a redhot one, and will go ever to see the game at Manhattan Field swelled with Princeton's colors, and will shout for Princeton till he is hoarse. The semi-mutes who intend to witness the Yale-Princeton football game, will sing out this for Princeton:

Three cheers! for the orange and black,
Three cheers! for the orange and black,
Princeton forever!
Hurrah! for the orange and black.

Some mutes that are not interested in foot-ball playing intend to spend Thanksgiving Day at the Trenton School. It's expected many will go there.

A Hallowe'en surprise Party was given to the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Housell, at their residence on the evening of October 31st.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Housell, Minnie and Hellen Housell, and Miss Pierson of Paterson, N. J., Miss Tiedman and Mr. Worthmuth, of New York.

Mr. Charles Lawrence was disguised in the shape of an anarchist, John B. Ward, as a gipsy woman, and Paul Kees was transformed into a nigger coachman. None of those were recognized until they took off their disguises.

Interesting games were introduced and played. Refreshments were served and the party, after a pleasant evening's enjoyment, broke up in the wee sma' hours of the morning.

Your scribe could not discover any surprise parties in Jersey City on Hallowe'en, except that there was a Donkey Party held at his residence. His little brother carried off the first prize.

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